

HIS LEADING MAN LOST.

MINNIE MADDEN'S MANAGER IN SOME WHAT OF A QUANDARY.

Manager Morris drops into poetry over "Booth's Baby" in the case of Col. Milliken with "Half Seas Over"—Hein Danbury's Prospective Manager Indignant at Her Retirement—Wild and Collier in Partnership.

Arthur Miller, Minnie Madden's manager, is looking for his leading man, William Faversham, whose movements, he says, are "enveloped in mystery." Some time ago Mr. Miller received a letter from Mr. Faversham saying that he would be on hand in time, and to go ahead as though he were there. Miss Madden's season opens on Monday in Beffa, and Mr. Miller has received no word from Mr. Faversham, nor does he know where to reach him. He is prepared, of course, in case of emergency.

Maries Mayer said yesterday that the Gaiety company, with Fred Leslie, Letty Lind and Sylvia Gray, will come to this country next season, following the other Gaiety company that includes Florence St. John and is to be seen this year. This organization, by the way, is doing a big business in the English provinces, and last week played to £1,500 in Liverpool.

"Johnny" Wild and "Daisy" Collier are entering into a partnership by which they are both to appear during the season in "Kissing Wild." Harry Fisher has already been engaged for the company. Messrs. Wild and Collier have another play that they also have designs upon. "Johnny" Wild is a great favorite, and there is no reason why he should not make a big success. But he is not as well known out of New York as in the city, and—as the Frenchman says—"colt."

John McKinley, who was to have been Miss DeWard's business manager, has just arrived on hand back from St. Paul. He was extremely irate when he learned that the lady would not allow him to appear on the stage, and visited upon Mr. McKinley in considerable indignation. Mr. McKinley had declined several pleasant offers in order to accept the business management of Miss DeWard. He was, however, not at all engaged to support the star, but probably had no ground for complaint. The season was not to open until October, and they have been waiting in vain, though it is undoubtedly annoying to them. Robert C. Hilliard, however, has a contract with Mr. Minner without the usual "two weeks clause," and Mr. Hilliard means business.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is still very diligently at work. Even fencing has been added to her dramatic curriculum. Mrs. Carter is evidently heart and soul in her work in spite of the unkind things that have been said against her.

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She'll start her little heart in a glow,
And say, "Oh, well, may be."
As she looks on, she says, "I love her sure,"
To be so Booth's Baby.

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
"Lost in Africa" is the name of a very sensational play that was produced at the Windsor Theatre last night. It was spectacular enough for a special day, but the story of the shipwreck in mid-ocean, with an explosion and lightning and thunder. Then there was an African desert scene, with a real, magnificent camel in it. The cast included Agnes Desmond, James H. Brown, Blanche Sherwood and George J. Vane. The story is set in Africa, and shows the usual triumph of virtue over vice.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
"Hermione, or The Crown of Gold," with a couple of stars in the shape of Mrs. Thomas Barry and William Beaudry, drew a large audience to the People's Theatre last night. The play, which is not new to this city, is a good one, with many dramatic situations and effective music. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
"The Fall of Alcanor" is evidently a new piece, ever, in fact it seems to be a new piece. The Grand Opera-House was packed in every quarter last night when "The Fall of Alcanor" was presented there. The play was a great success. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

"The Blue and the Gray," a drama founded on the incidents of the late civil war, was the attraction at H. R. Jacobs' Theatre last night. The play was a great success. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
"The Streets of New York," an old-timer that is always a favorite, was presented at the Theatre Comique last night. The play was a great success. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

A capital variety performance was that offered to the patrons of Worth's Museum yesterday. James Hearn and Edie McGill, Irish comedians and dancers, appeared in a sketch called "Jerry Strangers." Thomas H. Redgewick gave some songs and dances. Emil Mueller, a violinist, played some music. The play was well staged.

TONY PASTOR'S.
"Struck Gas," a three-act comedy, was presented at Tony Pastor's last night. The play was a great success. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.
"A Morning with Justice Schwab" was presented at Koster & Bial's last night. The play was a great success. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.
As many Brooklynites as could get to the Park Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening witnessed as brilliant an opening as any season has ever had since Col. Sinn assumed the management. In addition to being the first performance of the season, it was the first presentation of a new play, "The Blue and the Gray," and it received a hearty welcome. Tommy Russell enacted the role of the little lord, and was ably supported by the other players. The play was well staged.

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LITTLE MORSELS OF MIRTH.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE FROM FUNNY CONTEMPORARIES.

On the Pier at Mount Desert. (From Puck.)

There's a very clever singer at Zipporé Casino this week, by name, Pops Sternheim. She is not unknown to the patrons of the Casino, having appeared there often in conjunction with her husband, last season, for you are not unlike that of Minnie Schult-Huber, though it lacks the wonderful range and evidence of culture that that lady's possession. Mrs. Sternheim was cordially received and will no doubt make many new friends during her stay in Brooklyn. Pops Sternheim's orchestra, consisting of a violin, a piano, a guitar, and a double bass, is a fine one. The music produced would do credit to some of the more pretentious places of amusement in Brooklyn. Minnie Schult-Huber, the management, and her place will be filled by some one else for the remainder of the week. So S. Wood drew crowded houses both afternoon and evening yesterday, when he produced two sensational dramas. One in the streets, the other in the country. The first was "The Fall of Alcanor," and the second was "The Blue and the Gray." The first was a great success. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

GEN. KERWIN'S SUPPORTERS.
They Will Give a Clam-Bake in Honor of His Expected Appointment.
A clam-bake will be given by the New York Protective League at the Hotel Brighton, Brighton Beach, on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 14.

This is the organization which has backed the claims of Gen. Michael Kerwin, editor of the Tablet, for appointment to a good Federal office. It is composed of Irish and Irish-American who supported Harrison and the Protection League. It is a good one. The story is set in the Trojan war, and it tells the story forcibly. The play was well staged.

INDIANS TO PLAY BALL.
The Indians of the Ninth and Fifteenth wards will play a return game of ball at the Cuban Giants' grounds, Hoboken, on Sept. 5. Game called at 3 o'clock.

VETERAN LITERARY UNION'S FESTIVAL.
The Veteran Literary Union will hold its annual festival at Washington Park this evening. Dancing will begin at 8 o'clock.

ILLUSTRATED HEALTH.
"A New Remedy," a play by J. H. McKivier, of Chicago, produced it, that highly intellectual play, would probably have been seen at the Union Square Theatre had the stage of that house been large enough to hold its pictorialism. McKivier is still in New York.

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"M'KENNA'S FLIRTATION."

It looks as though Barry and Fay could keep the Park Theatre just as long as they choose to do so, and as though the patrons of the house, once affectionately known as "Harrison's," had been supplied with the ineffable luxury known as "a long wait." For, for instance, above the classical Madison Square Theatre, the exclusive Palmer's, and the roaring little Bijou, folks have been pining for something Irish—something that had the semblance of a brogue upon it.

Audience that assembled last night at the Park Theatre evidently prefer to travel (Hibernianism) to scream with laughter at brogue-flavored witticisms, and to wildly applaud any one with a Meagan O' before his name.

"McKenna's Flirtation" had scored a hit before the curtain had been up fifteen minutes, and before the close of the performance Barry and Fay could have extended their leave had the prudent Mr. Duffy seen fit to permit them to do so. The stars are both very clever, though if you give me Fay, I'll present you with Barry. Fay is really an artist, employing legitimate humor-producing methods. He has a facial vocabulary of no limited nature, and the quick, effective way in which he scores his points are those of an artist. Barry, on the other hand, is occasionally broader than is seemly, and though a clever dancer, he is not a dancer. He is a comedian, and he should have a prosperous week at the Lyceum.

English as Pronounced.
A singer who sang in the choir. Asked the leader a riddle to solve, And when he refused, She so roundly abused Him he forced her herself to retort.

High-Strung.
Billy—What does Jones mean by boasting of his elevated form?
Sam—Oh, his father was hung for horse-stealing.

Capital Punishment.
Teacher, describing experiences of the day to a friend:
"In order to punish Johnny Hanson I caused him to sit beside Miss Fresh, the prettiest girl in the school."
Friend—And how did it work?
"Judge for yourself. The girl did not seem a whit disconcerted, and smiled so sweetly upon Johnny that he lost his head completely."
"Why, that was capital punishment."

A Mild Rebuke.
Miss Boldly (who has angled in vain for a proposal)—I don't think you would make a good soldier.
Mr. Mildbow—Oh! beg your pardon, not why.

You have such a retiring disposition, you would never come to the point of action.

A New Remedy.
Smith—My house is full of fleas.
Jones—I can tell you how you can get rid of them.
"How?"
"Give a party and then the fleas will go off on the guests."

A Promising Pup.
Flat—Well, old man, how does my daughter progress with her violin lessons?
Sharp (with a tired smile)—Oh, she's already able to detect the errors in the instruction books.

A Cried.
Wife of Author—Don't disturb my husband. He is in the midst of a critical scene. Visitor—Is he at work on a critical scene in his new comedy?
Wife—No, he's not. He's just talking to him about the back rest.

A Genuine "Remnant."
Friend—Did you buy any works of art while you were in Europe?
Mrs. Natural—Oh, yes. In Paris I succeeded in buying an original Remnant—that Dutch painter, you know, whose style is so good copied by the photographers—all in shade save one beam of light. I adore Remnant!

A Shy Rival.
Single Gentleman—Have you any marriageable daughters?
Lady—Two lovely creatures—one a lovely blonde and one a lovely brunette.

Local Faith in Him.
Dan—I see Booth has been disappointing audiences in California.
Henry—You don't mean it?
Dan—Yes, I do. He played all of one week without having a single stroke of paralysis.

His Room Was on the First Floor, Front.
"I have listened to nightingales, prima donnas, and all the recognized queens of song—seen all the domestic and imported opera company, but I never heard anything that intimated me so quickly as the strains of a G-r-a-m-b-a-d-y."

"That's strange."
"They drive me to drink, my boy—drive me to drink!"

The Flood Is Enriched.
And improved by the use of CAPTAIN'S IRON PILLS.

considering his youth and former strength. Robert used to notice the weary, watery look in his eyes, and would turn away from their gaze, and no word was spoken again between the two brothers for many, many days of the diary Robert had destroyed.

But a great shock came to Robert about a fortnight after he had been with his own eyes the ghastly evidence of Arthur's guilt. The poor, mutilated body was found in the den of the boys discovering it while hunting for water-rats with terriers. The former came and told his landlord, Sir Robert, and the police were sent for, and there was an adjourned coroner's inquest, and a searching for clues of any description, which all ended in nothing. The rats had effectively prevented the identification of poor Anne Acton, and she was finally buried as a missing wife of Arthur Forbes's son, and the death of the unknown woman was never ascertained.

Arthur, in his sick-room, heard nothing of the discovery in the city, but he was a quiet, thoughtful man, and he was not a man to let a thing go without a thorough investigation. He was a man of a high, firm tone, bending closely over his brother. "There is nothing left of it now," he said to himself, "but I will find it out." He was a man of a high, firm tone, bending closely over his brother. "There is nothing left of it now," he said to himself, "but I will find it out."

CHAPTER III.—CONSCIENCE.
He was a little better the next day, and Sir Robert and Lady Forbes began to hope that their darling might live. It was a feeling to see the mother's fearful, tremulous joy, to see how she watched each change and dwelt on every improvement with tender pride. And May—the girl whom Robert Forbes loved so deeply? Her eyes were no longer wet with tears, and as time went on and Arthur gained a little strength, smiles began to ripple once more over her smooth pink cheeks.

But he was still very ill. Even when the fever had left him he minded very slowly

NOTES ABOUT THE SPORTS.

QUINN'S VICTORY WAS NOT EXPECTED BY HIS FRIENDS.

The result of the Quinn-Buckley fight, as reported exclusively in THE EVENING WORLD last night, was not unexpected to the friends of Quinn, who knew him to be a game and steady fighter. Buckley is the lar or man of the two by ten pounds, and is by far more powerful, but skill and science told against him, and Quinn knocked him out in eight rounds. At no stage of the contest did Buckley have the best of the fight. Quinn fought all around him, and could have knocked him out in the sixth round, but waited to give his opponent a chance.

Steve Brodie says he has nothing to say about Graham's great feat, but thinks that a man who can go over the cataraict in a rubber suit is the boss of all.

Joe Coblum is likely to stand behind Carroll if he fights his last fight, and may back Kelly, the Harlem Spider, in his match with Chappie Moran.

Billy Edwards, the ex-champion lightweight, has returned from his two weeks' vacation and is again at his post in the Hoffman House.

A Paradise for Apartments.
To find game in abundance the hunter should go to the Indian Territory. This is the great reservoir of game for the entire Southwest, and this year it will be a true sportsman's paradise. The section just west of the center should be chosen, where the woodland joins the prairie. The quail are so thick you can almost knock them down with a stick, and in waiting a row of small wheat fields have a score of large coveys. The prairie chickens are almost as numerous, and the warblers of the woods are heard on every side. In the woods the wild geese are plenty, and in two hours I saw nearly a dozen deer. Even the wild pigs are so numerous, but now so scarce have increased tremendously, and one may see some of the old-fashioned dogs.

Pleasures of Life in Florida.
Mr. M. Schreiber is unfortunate in having snakes around his house. Recently he killed one in his bedroom, and last night, or rather just before day, he awoke and felt something cold and clammy lying across his feet. Not knowing what the objectionable article or creature was, he brushed it off and went back to sleep. But on rising a little later, he discovered under the sewing machine a chicken snake about four feet long, possibly a cobra. Mr. Schreiber's cat, a bird, but failed to get a breakfast either in that or any other way.

A New Excuse.
A—What reason have you got for marrying that actress?
B—I am going to marry her because I love her.

That is an excuse, but no good reason for it.

THE GRAND PREREQUISITE OF V.GOR.
The food operation of digestion and assimilation is the grand prerequisite of life. To insure the completion of food into rich, nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain-head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate, to fortify the stomach, and thus to insure the assimilation process, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficient stomach. Nervousness, indigestion, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to the stomach. To insure the completion of food into rich, nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain-head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate, to fortify the stomach, and thus to insure the assimilation process, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficient stomach. Nervousness, indigestion, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to the stomach. To insure the completion of food into rich, nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain-head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate, to fortify the stomach, and thus to insure the assimilation process, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficient stomach. Nervousness, indigestion, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to the stomach. To insure the